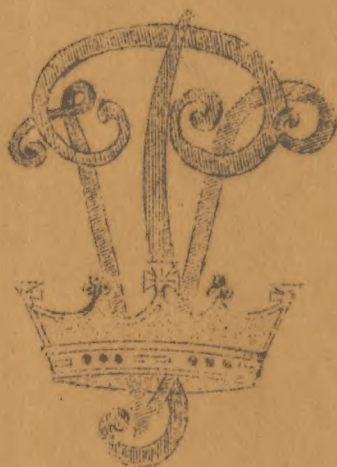


LIRJ 609

The Esquimalt PATRICIAN



Volume 3.

November • 1935.

Number Two.

The Journal

PATRIOT



"THE ESQUIMALT PATRICIAN"

Published quarterly on the 15th day of February, May August and November. Devoted to the interests of Patricia's, past and present, in British Columbia and elsewhere. Views expressed in this paper are not in any way official.

Subscriptions: 1 year (4 issues) including postage \$1.00
Serving members of the Regiment below commissioned rank . . .50

Contributions of an historical, military and humorous nature, as well as articles, etc., of general interest, will be welcomed.

Volume 3. Esquimalt, B.C. 15th November 1935 Number Two.

CONTENTS

From the Editor's Dug-out	Page 41.
Remembrance Day	" 43.
Regimental News:	
"A" Company	" 44.
M.G. (Mech.) Platoon	" 45.
Sergeants' Mess	" 47.
Band	" 49.
Esquimalt Station	" 50.
"The Peripatetic Royal School"	" 53.
Some More Memories, Sarcee, 1935	" 57.
"The Company Parade State" (Poem)	" 58.
Around the Garrison	" 59.
"From Port Said to Suez"	" 60.
Sport	" 64.
The Story of Two Bears	" 74.
"The Maples" (Poem)	" 76.
News of Ex-Patricia's	" 77.
Vancouver Letter	" 78.
Wise and Otherwise	" 79.

Contributions and subscriptions should be addressed to:-

The Editor,
"The Esquimalt Patrician",
Work Point Barracks,
VICTORIA, B.C.

Articles, etc., intended for publication in any particular issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than the first day of the month of publication.

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THE REGIMENTAL PATRIOT

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Volume 2, No. 1, 1st November 1935

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CONTENTS

From the Editor's Desk	Page 1.
Remembrance Day	"
Regimental News	"
"A" Company	"
M.C. (M.C.) Division	"
Regimental News	"
Band	"
Regimental News	"
"The Regimental News"	"
Some More News	"
"The Regimental News" (from)	"
Around the Garrison	"
"From Post 2nd to 3rd"	"
Report	"
The Story of Two Years	"
"The Regimental News" (from)	"
News of the Regiment	"
Announcement	"
Also and Otherwise	"

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FROM
THE



EDITOR'S
DUGOUT

It was quite a shock the other day when, on idly turning the dial of a friend's borrowed radio, a familiar scrap of tune made itself heard - Jungle Bells. It brought home the fact rather forcibly that the hole in a certain over-size stocking, kept for chimney-hanging purposes, must be darned, and the moth-balls removed from the "uniform" of Santa Claus. The season of Jap oranges, free cigars and impossible neck-ties has rolled round again, a reminder that there is no time like the present to take stock of the year 1935 and its activities.

There has been a certain amount of training of course, indeed this year has been a good one for that. The members of the Machine Gun (Mechanized) Platoon, in particular, were grateful for their stay at Shilo, as it permitted them to do more tactical training and field firing than has fallen to their lot in recent years. In fact all those of the Winnipeg Station found the experience most beneficial. "B" Company did not have their pilgrimage to Comox this year, but got in some good training at Heal's Range in June and July, while from both Stations good representations were sent to the Small Arms and other courses at Sarcee Camp, Alberta.

In sports the Winnipeg contingents have held their own well, and made a good showing in all the leagues to which they gained an entry. At Esquimalt, "B" Company has also had some good sport in the inter-platoon leagues, but in the outside leagues has not been so successful. It is due in part, at least, to the absence of a number of the personnel at Sarcee during the best part of the summer, a condition which is inseparable from training requirements. The answer seems to be: train the recruits and build teams on the men who are likely to be at home while the league games are being played. Steps are being taken in this direction now, and cannot be too heartily commended.

The year has seen a goodly increase in our strength on both Stations. The new influx should bring much material which, with a little coaching and training, will increase our prowess no less on the Sports Field than elsewhere. It is a pleasure to see the new faces on parade, and there is no doubt but that their owners will "do us proud".

This year the Regiment "came of age" on August 10th, a date which means so much to us all. It is unfortunate that our "birthday" occurred in the midst of the season of camps and

schools, preventing the holding of a suitable celebration. However the Patricia's are not unmindful of the record which has been built up during those twenty-one years, nor of the obligations which it lays upon those who must carry it on.

On another page appears a poem - "The Maples", by Hugh L. Maurice, a former member of "B" Company, and well-known to many in both Stations of the Regiment. The sentiment expressed in this poem is particularly appropriate to "Remembrance" Day, and was inspired by the many beautiful maples at Fulford Harbour on Saltspring Island. "The Patrician" reprints this poem with acknowledgments to "The Victoria Colonist", in a recent issue of which "The Maples" appeared.

In view of the prominence given everywhere in these days to the Suez Canal and its environs, Corporal Morrison is right in thinking that the time is appropriate to record the impressions which that famous ditch made on one member of the Regiment. These impressions will be found on page 57 of this issue.

Before the seal is put on the last "Patrician" for 1935, the Editorial Staff wish to thank all the contributors who have helped to make our publication possible, and to express to all our readers everywhere the earnest hope that the coming festive season may be the merriest of their lives and the New Year brim full of Joy, Happiness and Good Luck.

A very Merry Christmas to you, one and all!

Yours faithfully,

The Editors

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Our Contemporaries.

The following journals were received during the last quarter:-

The "Goat" - The Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The "Strathconian" - Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians).

The "Lancashire Lad" - The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire).

.....

REMEMBRANCE DAY

At eleven o'clock, a.m. on the eleventh of November was celebrated the anniversary of a great event. In every city and hamlet of our Dominion the daily activities ceased and people gathered in their public places to do honour to the memory of a glorious moment in the history of the world.

As the signal came, sharp on the hour, and all the familiar noises of our everyday life ceased and silence reigned supreme, many of those standing with bared heads before the sculptured memorials to our departed heroes must have recalled a morning, seventeen years before when, in a like sudden and unaccustomed silence that fell over the fields of France and Belgium, upon their senses broke the realization that the war was really over at last. To others it recalled the mad ringing of the bells here at home as the news was flashed around the world, - the wild celebrations in every land, - the end of four long years of war. To many, too, it brought a sadder memory of loved ones who did not live to know the end of the battles they fought, or who returned by wrecks of their former selves.

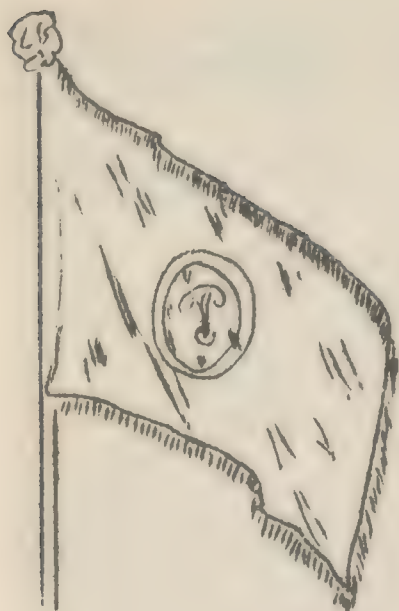
And yet, is not the most real and lasting Remembrance of this day the knowledge that, with a real hatred of war and all the suffering that it must bring in its wake, our men - and women, too - were ready to make any sacrifice for the defence of the things most dear to them? No demand was too heavy - no effort was too great when the land that they loved and the ideals in which they believed were in danger of violation and destruction.

We gather thus to do honour to the memory of those who gave their lives in the struggle for our own liberty, and, no less, to remind ourselves that the spirit of that sacrifice is not, nor ever will be, dead within us. Believing in justice and liberty for all mankind and in man's inalienable right to fashion his own destiny, we are prepared to guard this heritage and preserve it for those who will come after us.

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In Victoria, the ceremony was held in Parliament Square, before a crowd of several thousand citizens. Many hundreds of War Veterans were on parade under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Percy H.N. Lake, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and senior representatives of the Church and State present included: The Lord Bishop of Columbia, His Lordship the Bishop of Victoria, the Premier of British Columbia and members of the Provincial Cabinet, His Worship the Mayor of Victoria, Brigadier D.J. MacDonald, D.S.O., M.C., D.O.C., M.D. XI, and Commander G.C. Jones, R.C.N., Commander-in-charge R.C.N. (West Coast).

(Continued on page 63)



Regimental Notes.

THE ACTIVITIES OF "A" COMPANY, WINNIPEG.

Commencing the 1st of September, "A" Company was busy training and getting ready for a Physical Training display, and this, I believe, will be dealt with under Sports from Winnipeg.

Since the last issue of the "Patrician" "A" Company has returned to Fort Osborne Barracks and is now settling down to the winter programme of training.

As will be noticed in previous issues, some of the trained men have left to take up civilian employment; and at the latter end of August and continuing up to the present time we have been recruiting. As a result the air is filled with "Right turn - One - Two" and so on. The recruits that have been attested and posted to "A" Company during the last three months are as follows:-

Pte. Buxton, J.	Pte. Burkitt, W.	Pte. Foulds, F.
" Benzie, J.	" Lobb, E.	" Gallagher, H.
" Benton, D.	" Scrutton, E.	" Gilhoolley, H.
" Critchley, R.	" Mitchell, W.	" McDonell, B.
" Carlson, E.	" James, T.	" Mallon, A.
" McMurdo, C.	" Krause, W.	" Vincent, D.
" Marshall, R.	" Keir, A.	" Vincent, B.

To all the above we wish the best of luck in their new career.



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Our congratulations go out to A/Sgt. Instr. M.L. Carnegie on his appointment and being posted to the Instructional Cadre, and to Sgt. Dunn on being confirmed in his rank.

Congratulations are also extended to the following on winning their "Spurs", as under:-

A/Sgt. Instr. M.L. Carnegie,	"A" Wing, C.S.A.S. Q.1.
A/Sgt. F.J. Pengelly,	"A" Wing, C.S.A.S. Q.1.
Cpl. Bennett, H.	"A" Wing, C.S.A.S. Q.1.
Cpl. Bethell, A.E.	"A" Wing, C.S.A.S. Q.1.
Cpl. Wilkes, C.A.	"A" Wing, C.S.A.S. Q.1.
L/Cpl. Toner, J.P.	"A" Wing, C.S.A.S. Q.2.

At this time we would like to wish good luck to Captain M. Isbester, M.C., on his recent appointment as D.A.A. & Q.M.G., Military District No. 10, and also to S.M.I.(W.O.I) E. Scrutton who retired on pension last month. Mr. Scrutton, if you happen to read this issue of the "Patrician", we, in "A" Company, would like you to know that we all do appreciate the many ways in which you have helped us, and all do most sincerely and heartily send you our best wishes. Pte. E. Finnie has decided to try his luck with civilian life, and, well, "Here's to you, Finnie!"

By the time this goes to press Sgt. R.A. Agar will have retired on pension and we wish him luck. But, Bob, when the Company next goes to St. Charles for Classification, etc., we shall certainly miss the old "Mensforthhhh", also the "Don't load your rifles until you get your ammunition!" not to say anything of the various puns. Cheerio, Bob, and keep smiling.

A/Sgt. Stoddart, L.G., and Pte. Bement, V., have at last attained that select coterie known as the Married Establishment.

The furlough season is in full swing in Winnipeg and we have the start of the Snow, and that means snow fatigues and a certain amount of curtailment in the activities of the trained men, but it also means skating and Hockey, which means me, so Cheerio for the time being.

.

NOTES FROM MACHINE GUN (MECHANIZED) PLATOON.

After the Unit training at Shilo Camp, the Platoon was split up between Shilo, Sarcee and Winnipeg. The few men left in barracks were attached to "A" Company, and the Platoon as a unit did not function until the end of August.

Our students at "A" and "B" Wings and the Range-takers course at the Small Arms School did very well. Sgt. F.H. Jackson and Pte. Munro, H.G., received Q.1. on "A" Wing, and Cpls.

Miller, G.E., Edwards, R.S., Morton, D.G., L/Cpls. Doyle, C.J., MacLean, J.H., Baker, F.H., Taylor, T.E., and Pte. Taylor, G.S., received Q.1 on "B" Wing. L/Cpl. McKay, W.A., and Ptes. Chase, W.H. and Hughes, W.W., received Instructor's Certificates on the Infantry Rangefinder.

On August 1st, our Platoon Commander, Major J.H. Carvosso, M.C., left with Mrs. Carvosso for two month's holiday at the Coast. When he arrived back we think that he wished that his leave could have been extended for another month, at least.

The first part of September was devoted to training a squad for the physical training display, which was held on the 18th. The display was a success, only marred by a rather serious injury to Pte. Black, H.W. He is still in the General Hospital, but will soon be back at the Station Hospital, and to the Platoon, we all sincerely hope.

After the P.T. artists finished astounding the public, the furlough season began, and the barrack rooms assumed a deserted appearance.

According to the best authorities, the time to do such things as interior decorating, spring cleaning, and such like, is in the Spring, but the M.G. Platoon evidently does not stand on convention. About a week ago, two stalwarts of the Platoon, armed with brushes, step-ladders and pails, and both wearing a look of grim determination, started in to decorate the barrack room. It was not long before the room assumed the appearance of having been used for a "Mack Sennett" pie-slinging scene. The decorators had to orient themselves once in a while by the Parade Square to make sure that they were kalsomining the ceiling and not the floor. After much salvaging of kits, moving of beds and general disorder which ensued during the next few days, the room was finally finished, with sighs of relief from everyone.

It will be some time, I think, before we will be able to give them a certificate as interior decorators, but if they keep on they should be due about the time that they go on pension.

Captain L.M. Black, M.C., has returned to the fold after six years at the Coast where he was for several years with "B" Company, and latterly on the Staff at Headquarters, Military District No. 11. We wish to welcome him to the Platoon, to which he has been posted from the 1st October.

Cpl. Miller, G.E., left for Fort Francis, Ont., on the 5th November to conduct a Provisional School of Signals. This is his first school and we wish him the best of luck.

Cpl. Morton, D.G., is assisting on the Royal School of Infantry. We hear he is having quite a time on the L.A.

.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

Once upon a time (that is how all fairy tales start), I stood in the role of spectator watching a poker game, and as the moments grew tense I observed a certain gentleman - holding four Kings - throw a dollar in the pot. On the other side of the table - looking as innocent as his name, Sgt. Bliss - holding four Aces and inwardly repeating to himself the story of "The Spider and the Fly", said "Come again".

Now, Mr. Editor, as I have not received any uncomplimentary remarks from you (so far) for my last contribution to your paper, do I take it for granted that you would like me to "Come again", not, I hope, with the same purpose in view as had the holder of the four Aces?

Since last writing to you several changes and interesting events have taken place amongst us. Sgt. Carnegie has been appointed to the Instructional Cadre, and we have welcomed to the Mess Sgts. Jackson and Pengelly on promotion from Corporal.

On 31st August we were delighted to receive a visit from S.M.I. and Mrs. J. Crawford of Saskatoon, accompanied by their two charming daughters. "Jack", as he is known by all the older hands, talked over old times with old friends, after which we adjourned to be the guests of R.S.M. and Mrs. McCulloch, who proved themselves admirable hosts, the visitors leaving for the West the following morning.

Our Commanding Officer favoured us with a visit on the occasion of a social evening given in honour of S.M.I. E. Scrutton, Sgt. R.A. Agar and Sgt. P. McGarry, and in a rather witty speech spoke of the good service given by each of the departing guests.

"Time marches on" is an old slogan, and as that march continues, progress is made along all lines, and in the great advance of science "The Army of today" has kept its place. For in digging into my much neglected Greek history, I find that at Troy they had one wooden horse, whereas in Fort Osborne Barracks we have three, and congratulations to Q.M.S.I. Harper for the way he had those boys go over them on the 18th September.

To speak of wooden horses: Wooden is a word taken from the Egyptian, meaning made of lumber. It was really coined to combat the Greek song of that age "Maid of Athens".

On the 19th September was held what was known as "The First Annual Sergeants' Mess Golf Tourney". The members assembled in

the Mess at nine o'clock that morning, prior to driving out to Deer Lodge course. As the writer mingled with the company he fancied he could hear coming down the corridors of time the distant footsteps of Jacob and his family, "Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his other children, and he made him a coat of many colours". There must have been quite a lot of Daddy's favourites at Deer Lodge. That day reminded me of a Radio programme I used to hear - "Rainbow Revue".

Well, off they went, not a paradox amongst them. Paradox is taken from the Latin word "Parado", meaning "Teetotal Golfer". The Mess was the scene of a gala evening following the competition, the Cup being presented to the winner ??? Sgt. Clifford. I am sure we were all pleased to see him catch that event; as a Provost Sergeant I believe it was the only thing he ever caught.

Staff Sgt. Greenley from Regina was a visitor on that occasion, and old memories were revived as several vocal numbers were rendered by an old quartette of by-gone days - Messrs. Greenley, Gunn, Roberts and Reading. They were indeed four staunch "Brethren", though the quartette takes its name from "The Cistern".

Sgt. "Jerry" DeRochie is on holiday in New Mexico; it has been whispered that he is following up "The Royal American Shows".

Our esteemed Provost Sergeant, Sgt. Clifford has retired on pension. Keyholes will now be used for keys only! "Jack" was the recipient of a lovely clock from his Mess-mates prior to his departure to civilian life. He is now giving of his best to the Hudson's Bay Company. Sgt. Clifford was born in the Army, and no doubt his going was quite a wrench. I have met him several times since and he tells me that he really prefers civilian life, but as I left him I seemed to hear something whisper in my ear - "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau."

The mantle of Clifford has fallen on a real "G Man". Sgt. Dunn is carrying on the work of Provost Sergeant in order that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Prophet, saying - "And a crook shall they sit in an high place, for none better knoweth the way of the evil doer", which being interpreted means, "Set a crook to catch a crook!"

Well, Mr. Editor, the day is far spent; across the snow-covered prairie shadows are lessening; the wintry sun slowly dips behind the horizon, and its last lingering rays are swallowed up in the clouds of the oncoming night. Overhead a flock of geese honk as they wing their way southward. Tennyson's "Evening Star" appears on her lonely watch, and as the geese disappear into the encircling gloom, the short-lived twilight of Manitoba ends abruptly - it is night!

A few years ago, Mr. Editor, "When all the world was young, lad, and every tree was green", I was taught along lines something like this - "Work while it is yet day for the night cometh when no man can work", so you will pardon me if I use that earlier teaching as an excuse to put aside my pen.

With this letter goes our best wishes to our comrades beyond the Rockies, and while we remember them we also remember those who though having hung up their equipment are still our friends. We feel sure that many of them are resident on the shores of the Pacific, and a line from them at any time would be appreciated. "You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still".

In closing, please allow me to add my personal greetings and good wishes to you, your Company and your paper, and if it is our lot to meet at Sarcee Camp in the coming year 'With you I'll drain the modest cup, ignite with you the mild Havana, and we will sing while drinking up "Yes, we have no bannanna"'.

Sincerely

"Optimist".

.

BAND NOTES.

The Regimental Band continues to be actively engaged, particularly during the last couple of months. Engagements fulfilled include the following: The Manitoba Teachers' Convention; Back-to-the-Land Association; Winnipeg Tribune; Young Men's Section of the Board of Trade and others too numerous to mention here.

Once again Old Man Winter is upon us and this season the Band resumes the series of weekly educational programmes given in the schools in and around Winnipeg. Many letters are received by Captain James from both teachers and scholars expressing pleasure at having heard these programmes. It is the desire of the School Board to develop in the children an understanding and appreciation of music, and the Band are glad to be able to do their part in this good work.

On November 11th, the Band acted as duty band at the Civic Auditorium, where a service was held commemorating the war dead. Following the service there was a march past of all units in the Winnipeg Garrison, the salute being taken by Brigadier J.L. Gordon, D.F.C., District Officer Commanding, Military District No. 10, at the Cenataph.

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The Band lost a very valuable and popular member recently in Sgt. "Pete" McGarry, D.C.M., who has repaired to the Old Country on pension. According to letters received from him, he is having quite a happy, carefree time in his native Liverpool.

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Ex-Cpl. Allison, our former very efficient drummer, left Winnipeg recently for the East. We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Allison for generously helping the Band last summer on many engagements and hope that his future will be happy and prosperous.

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Looking up the files, we discover that several "Key" men will be leaving for civilian life shortly, including Bandsman H. Barrington (Solo Oboe), Bandsman H. Swift (Solo Cornet) and our well-known solo saxophonist and tenor, Corporal Hill. (Perhaps you've heard him sing?). This gradual exodus is rather alarming to those of us who are staying on to complete our allotted time, and we apprehensively hope that we shall be able to enlist some really first class men to take their places and keep the Band as efficient as it always has been.

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We are happy to inform our many readers that, despite the sad vicissitudes of life, "Mike" Toohey continues to bear up with remarkable equanimity. He gets a great "kick" out of Pop-Eye the Sailor man. Yo-ho!

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The Melody Quartette, - Bill, Shorty, Scrib and Rolly, - are no longer making the day bright with "Oh its nice to get up in the morning...". Rumour hath it that Shorty is contemplating giving up the career of a tonsorial artist and becoming a tailor instead. (Maybe he has his reasons).

.

ESQUIMALT STATION NEWS.

Before another issue of the "Patrician" makes its appearance, Esquimalt Station will have said "Au Revoir" to Major W.G. Colquhoun, M.C., who leaves late in December to attend the Senior Officers' School at Sheerness, England.

Major Colquhoun has been on this Station for the past nine years and during the last four years has commanded the Patricia's at the Coast, where his tireless efforts on our behalf have won him the esteem and affection of all ranks. His cheerful voice and vigorous personality will be greatly missed, both by ourselves and by the other units, Permanent and Non-Permanent, with whom he has worked. It is expected that, on his return from

England, Major Colquhoun will be stationed in Winnipeg. But wherever his ultimate destination may be, we hope he will find it possible to pay frequent visits to his old command.

That his future success and happiness are assured is the wholehearted wish of all Esquimalt Patricia's.

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Notification has been received that Captain and Brevet Major K.C. Burness, M.C., will arrive here on or about the 1st of December and will take over command of Esquimalt Station, P.F.C.L.I., on the departure of Major W.G. Colquhoun, M.C. It is understood that this is Major Burness' first tour of duty at the Coast and all ranks sincerely hope he will share our enthusiasm for the finest Military Station in Canada.

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Between the season of camps and that of schools, the Unit was all reunited when Lieuts. Coristine and Wiswell arrived from Sarnia late in September with tales of many battles bravely won against overpowering odds, (whether this referred to the Directing Staff is a moot question), and confirmation of stories told by earlier arrivals of the horrors of chemical warfare and the difficulty of sleeping with one's Respirator as a bed-fellow.

Lt.A.H. Fraser soon left, however, for the metropolis of Vancouver where, assisted by Q.M.S.I. G.A. Carr, M.M., he is conducting the infantry portion of a combined Provisional School, with about eighty candidates in his special care.

Lt.J.L. Wiswell and Q.M.S.I. W.J. Gibson, M.C., left about the same time to conduct Provisional Schools of Infantry at Nanaimo and Courtenay. Though their classes are not so large, they report that they are being kept fairly busy with their "Double bill". Incidentally, Q.M.S.I. Gibson has discovered a new and thrilling sport: riding (theoretically) "on" the back seat of a V.I. Coach Lines bus between Nanaimo and Courtenay, or vice versa. He recommends it to those whose jaded taste fails to appreciate the more orthodox forms of physical activity.

.

At Home, recruit training is still in progress, and twenty-two of the "hopefuls" were "Finally Approved" on the 1st of this month. Esquimalt Station welcomes Ptes. Gillespy, H.L., and Whittington, L.A., who have joined since our last issue.

Pte. Hicks, E.C., who was discharged in July of last year, is now back in the fold. One gathers that he does not hold a very high opinion of the profession of Logging.

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Another place of intense interest these days is the School of Cookery. Our old friend, Sgt.(Cook) A.E. Hird, arrived from

Winnipeg on November 3rd and is busily engaged initiating some eight students into the mysteries of the culinary art. Some remarkable results are being obtained, (don't take this the wrong way) and it is confidentially hoped that "pate-de-foie-gras", "fricasse-a-l'Aiglon", "compote-biscuit-de-l'Arnee" and many of those other delectable morsels which have hitherto graced only the tables of The Great, may soon become a part of our usual carte-de-jour (diet sheet). It is especially pleasing to see Sgt. Hird looking so fit, and to hear his welcome news of friends and their doings in Winnipeg.

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"B" Company paraded, eighty strong, under command of Major W.G. Colquhoun, M.C., on November the Eleventh to take part in the observance of Remembrance Day. A description of this ceremony will be found elsewhere in this issue. Together with detachments from other units in the Garrison, they formed part of the Naval and Military representation at this ceremony, one of the most impressive ever held here.

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The furlough season is pretty well over now, and the comparing of notes bids fair to last us in gossip until Christmas. Major Colquhoun had a successful season's shooting in the "Caribou" country, and came home with a good "bag", after many harrowing adventures in Rocky Mountain mud puddles. Others of our number visited most parts of Western Canada and the North-western States, and are all looking freshened by the change and ready for the winter's programme.

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L/Cpl. Codd, R.L.F., left us, "time-expired", on October 17th. Best wishes for success in his new environment go with him from all ranks.

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Congratulations to L/Cpl. Shaw, J.H., on his recent promotion. Also, congratulations to Cpl. Waterman, R.S.E., on being elevated to that very desirable coterie - the "Married Establishment". Pte. Ball, E.G., comes in for public notice, too, since he started wearing that second G.C. badge.

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Sgt. Instr. J.S. Falconer left for Vancouver on 20th October where he is now employed on the staff of a Provisional School of Signals being conducted by Lieut. W.O. Peffers, D.S.O., M.D. XI, and Q.M.S.I. W. Pauline, R.C. Sigs.

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Q.M.S.I. A.A. Smith paid a hurried visit to Work Point during October to write examinations, returning to Vancouver the same night. Moral, come again when you can stay longer!

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THE PERIPATETIC ROYAL SCHOOL.

This is a sad story.

One dark night, Work Point Barracks hospital catches fire. R.S. of I. gives up quarters used for junior student officers. Came U.E.R. with demand for office space. R.S. of I. gives up remaining accomodation and school stores moved to Detention Barracks. Detention Barracks required (not by us). R.S. of I., moves to R.C.A.M.C. barrack room and school stores to Isolation Hospital. R.C.A.M.C. requires half of Isolation Hosp. School stores move to marquee erected nearby. Marquee falls down (having perished from exposure). V.I. becomes more acute and stores piled in remaining front half of Isolation Hosp.

Such have been the wanderings of the R.C.S. of I. & M.Gs., and its stores. Driven to desperation by the acute V.I. (if you don't know the meaning of this, look up Notes on M.R.), harrassed patriots attempted peaceful penetration in the rear (see Hosp.), but by constant patrolling the Medical Intelligence Staff (one member) frustrated all attempts to find more adequate accomodation.

Came winter, and a dance in the Fives Court. To the dance came a tiny germ which managed to disquiet the Medical Staff, resulting in the complete evacuation of Royal School stores from the Isolation Hosp. The school was given the opportunity of choosing its own line of retirement, suggestions of Sick Stables, Wagon Shed and Wet Canteen being offered, (no reference was made to the Dry Canteen or the D.O.C's. office).

A quick appreciation of the situation was made, the gist of which follows:

OBJECT }
CONSIDERATIONS } (Lengthy and obscure).

COURSES OPEN	(1) Sick Stable.	Advantages - NIL. Disadvantages - ALL.
	(2) Wagon Shed,	Advantages - NONE. Disadvantages - (a) Too draughty. (b) Same as (a).
	(3) Engineers' Draughting-room Annex.	Advantages - (a) Plenty of room. (b) Warm. (c) Adjacent to lecture room. Disadvantages - Engineers still in possession.
	(4) Artillery storeroom occupied by one Rasmussen.	Advantages - See (3) (a) (b). Disadvantages - The Artillery didn't like the idea.

COURSES OPEN (5) Room in Wet Canteen.

(Continued)

- Advantages - (a) Protected locality.
 (b) Good water supply.
 (c) Communications -
 good laterally
 (and horizontally).
 (d) Friendly country.
 (e) Defence quite
 unnecessary.

Disadvantage - NO FREE BEER.

PLAN (A) Occupy room in Wet Canteen as soon as possible, if not
 sooner.

ALTERNATIVE PLAN (B)

- (i) Turn in whole caboodle to Ordnance.
 (ii) Complete retirement, as nowhere else to put stores,
 (unless in Police Station down-town).
 (iii) We give up.

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Amendment No. 1. Alternative Plan, last line: for "we" read "we".

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It was decided to adopt Plan (A), and the following
 Operation Order was issued without loss of time.

NOT SECRET.R.C.S. of I. & M.Gs. MOVE ORDER No. 23.

Copy No. 9.

Ref. Map: R.C.E. plan, W.P. Bks. (Amended).

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INFORMATION.

1. Enemy in close contact with own forward troops. Movements show concentration of forces in area STABLES - GUN SHED. Immediate attack anticipated.
2. R.C.S. of I. & M.Gs., is withdrawing covered by rear-guard to the line GARAGE - TAILOR SHOP. Movement is commencing 0930 hrs. 26 Nov 35.
3. Artillery is putting down concentrations on ENGINEERS' DRAUGHTING-ROOM ANNEX and RASMUSSEN'S HANGOUT from zero minus 20 to zero (too bad).

INTENTION.

4. School stores will withdraw to new storeroom in WET CANTEEN as soon as possible (or at once).

METHOD.

5. O.C. Stores with Staff and representative from nearest A.S.C. will dash forward and take over ALLOTTED ROOM in WET CANTEEN.
6. Fatigue party, attached from nearest infantry, will dash forward and scrub out A.R.I.W. CANTEEN.
7. Pioneer from nearest infantry will dash madly forward and fix locks on doors of A.R.I.W.C.
8. Representative of nearest Engineers will dash hurriedly across and put light in A.R.I.W.C.
9. Another representative from N.E.s. assisted by Pioneer of N.I., will dash wildly and bar windows of A.R.I.W.C.
10. Fatigue from N.I. will bunk about with front half limber and move stores from present "Isolated" position to A.R.I.W.C.

ADMINISTRATIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

11. Water bottles will NOT be filled.
12. And very nice, too.
13. Does any gentleman want pudden?
14. No sir. No gentlemen wants pudden.

INTERCOMMUNICATION.

15. Reports to me.
16. Don't flare up.

ACKNOWLEDGE. (Don't waste much time doing this, as speed is essential).

(Signed) I. Knowitt.

Rank: Innocent victim.

Corps: N.S.F.

(Force of circumstances)

Method - Sanitary man.

Time - plenty.

Distribution: Copy No. 1 Andh Ow.

2 Seh Zu.

3 So Wot.

4 to S ??????

* * * * *

ROYAL SCHOOL RAMBLINGS (Sadder yet).

It is written: "Go ye out into the highways and byways, &c." This is what the staff of the Royal School is doing at the moment and, judging by the flood of M.Bs. 39, which daily arrive from Courtenay, Nanaimo, Vancouver and other places too numerous to mention, the seed has fallen on fertile ground.

I have heard of the "Ice Age" and the "Stone Age"; this must be the "Sand Age". As I look out of my (none too clean) window I see troops being trained as pilots. The Corporal marches his squad up to a pile of sandbags placed ready on the beach and in a loud voice commands them to fill the sandbags and pilot.

We cannot quite make up our mind(s) whether Cpl. Oneshot is constructing a movie set or is preparing for a threatened invasion.

While this is going on other groups are standing around gazing at tables filled with sand and murmuring "The Ball", "The Knoll" and DEVIZES. The latter rather reminds us of that famous wartime verse re the same locality.

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Queer sights we have seen; believe it or else.

1. A stout troop standing in a hole three feet from the incoming tide and baling manfully. Cpl. Oneshot standing by urging said troop to greater efforts.

This reminds us of King Canute of early history fame.

2. Overheard at a Garrison football game.

Little girl watching game to Mother also watching game: "Oh Mummy! Look at the canaries".

3. A soldier hopelessly lost in the fog at "X" Farm (Burnside - Admiral's Road).

4. Our Q.M.Sgt. counting oats at the annual stock-taking.

While on the subject of horses, how about a smoker for Peggy and her pals, on being taken on the strength (Hay-Hay).

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Also culled from the Royal School:

Gradient - the course of a bullet travelling through the air.

"The strength of a Guard of Honour is three privates one N.C.O., and a Sergeant".

Believe it or not.

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SOME MORE MEMORIES, SARCEE, 1935.

"Gas!" At the very sound of the word, we start an involuntary rummaging in our left-side pocket, as though expecting to find a mask, - pardon! Respirator, - still a part of our regular equipment. That one magic word is all that is necessary to transport us back to Sarcee Camp and the joys of the last week of August, 1935.

It started well. We were moved from tents into "huts", (lovingly known as "the pig-sty" and "the bower"), which was in itself a great event, considering the unfriendly antics of the thermometer in the small hours of the morning. Too, it is in the "huts" that one has the best chance in the world to study the vagaries of one's fellow-men. Of absorbing interest becomes the not altogether academic study of one person's taste for a generous supply of fresh air while sleeping in contrast to another's preference for seclusion from the entire outer world during the same time. Also, as someone remarked, it gives the windows exercise.

We learn many things, among them being: how innocent a syllabus may look before you start it; how much can be accomplished in one week; what a splendid bod-fellow a respirator (got it right that time) makes; what $(\text{CH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{Cl})_2\text{S}$ ("Tear-gas" to you) feels like at two o'clock, a.m. or p.m.; and many other useful and interesting things. It was really a most pleasant course, and we were all sorry when it finished.

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As the Anti-gas course finished, and our weary instructors settled back into their berths for a restful trip eastward, more willing "victims" arrived from both Winnipeg and the Coast and the Junior Officers' Tactical Training was on. Long and loud were the battles that raged about Sarcee during the next two weeks! It has been said somewhere (yes it is in one of the manuals?) that no two military situations are alike, nor is the approach to a problem the same for any two people. Verily, it is a mighty truth! They might have added that no two solutions are alike. Indeed, we came to think of that as a sort of law. Whether on the sand-table or on the ground, every problem devised by the hard-working "D.S." provided occasion for truly noble exhibitions of rugged Canadian individuality on all sides.

Not that we failed to agree. Oh, no! When the tumult and the shouting died, there were surprisingly few "minority reports". While every brought to each problem an open mind, and several books, and while he came fully cognizant of the ultimate omnipotence of his own "arm", nevertheless he could meet his colleagues in that spirit of co-operation which, we are told, wins all battles.

Differences in minor points, yes. The merits and faults of platoon positions fifty yards apart furnished the theme of many an animated discussion (and, we suspect, the source of much amusement to the D.S.) while ten feet either way in the placing of a Lewis Gun became a matter for delicate arbitration by neutral powers.

Of course, the difficulty was to discover any strictly Neutral Powers. By the end of the two weeks, practically every nation on the face of the earth was at war, including those mighty peoples: Northland, Southland, Eastland, Westland, Redland, Blueland, Aberhartia and several others of note, as well as an assortment of canine heroes, estimated at about twelve.

Perhaps the greatest benefit from the course consisted in working with officers of other Arms of the Service, and in getting something of their viewpoint on various tactical questions which constantly re-occur. It makes for a more complete understanding of how the Army as a whole fights, and cannot fail to result in more intelligent co-operation between all Arms.

Our only complaint again, is that this course was much too short. Were it held at a time of year when it could be extended for another week at least, we feel that we should get just that proportion of extra good from the time spent.

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THE COMPANY PARADE STATE. *****

(With all due respect to Old Sergeant-Majors).

The Company strength is sixty - and a horse,
Of these, one Sergeant's on a P.T. course;
Two men on escort duty; one man more,
Employment in the Quartermaster's Store.
There's four men sick, and two employed as cooks;
Five are amending documents and books;
One man's married, he's on week-end pass,
Twelve are at school attending special class.
Five on fatigue (for Mothers' Union Tea),
Two at Brigade and one an absentee.
That leaves us thirty all ranks - and a boy,
(And even he's on Garrison Employ).
Of these six privates and one N.C.O.
Have gone to Shornecliffe (why, I do not know);
Post-depot training takes up twenty-three,
which leaves the C.S.M., the horse, and me!

"The Thistle".

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AROUND THE GARRISON

Quite a number of changes in garrison personnel have taken place since our last issue. Lieut. J.G.F. Morton, R.C.Sigs., has left our midst for Ottawa, where will be employed at National Defence Headquarters. Lieut. W.O. Peffers, R.C.Sigs., has taken Mr. Morton's place as District Signal Officer. We all wish Mr. Morton a successful tour of duty at Ottawa, and hope that Mr. Peffers will find Victoria a pleasant station.

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Lieut. R.S. Dyer, R.C.A., has left the 5th Heavy Battery here on transfer to the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, Kingston, Ont. We wish him every success in his new home. His place here has been taken by Lieut. J.T. Woolsey, R.C.A.

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Our good wishes go with Lieut. (O.E.O. 3rd Class) F.E. Chandler, R.C.O.C., who left us on transfer to Calgary, Alta., on the first of this month. While his introduction to Calgary weather has not been prepossessing, we trust he is by now an expert with a snow shovel.

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Lieut. Col. C.B. Russell, D.S.O., our A.A. & Q.M.G., is progressing satisfactorily following his accident on Head St. hill on 23th October. While a broken ankle is not the speediest of ailments to heal, we hope that Col. Russell will soon forsake the Royal Jubilee Hospital and make his reappearance among us.

During the absence of Lieut. Col. Russell, his duties are being performed by Major E.M. MacBrayne, M.C., P.P.C.L.I.

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Lieut. G.A.F. Townesend, R.C.O.C., sprang quite a surprise on most of us recently when he was very quietly married in Victoria to Miss Mabel Brown, daughter of Alderman P.R. Brown, well-known to most of us. Lieut. and Mrs. Townesend are making their residence on Lampson St. Esquimalt. Belated congratulations are extended to the bride and groom.

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Major R.O.G. Morton, G.S.O., M.D. XI, has left us for a time to take a Senior Officers' Course at Camp Borden, Ont., where our good wishes go with him for success in his studies. His duties are being performed by Major J.G. Rycroft, R.C.A.

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(Continued on page 75)

THE GARDEN

The garden is a place of beauty and peace. It is a place where we can find ourselves and where we can find others. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want. It is a place where we can find the things that we love and where we can find the things that we hate.

The garden is a place of life and death. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want. It is a place where we can find the things that we love and where we can find the things that we hate. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want.

The garden is a place of hope and despair. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want. It is a place where we can find the things that we love and where we can find the things that we hate. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want.

The garden is a place of joy and sorrow. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want. It is a place where we can find the things that we love and where we can find the things that we hate. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want.

The garden is a place of love and hate. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want. It is a place where we can find the things that we love and where we can find the things that we hate. It is a place where we can find the things that we need and where we can find the things that we want.

FROM PORT SAID TO SUEZ

By

Corporal L.C. Morrison.

Port Said! Gateway to the Far East!

I shall never forget my first glimpse of it. I was a boy at the time, barely seventeen, a young musician serving with the band of an Imperial regiment, on my way to India. It happened early on a beautiful Sunday morning: the sea was calm, with hardly a ripple, and we were lolling around on the deck, either reading, swapping yarns or indulging in a little flutter on the jolly old "Crown and Anchor", - a game of chance inseparably associated with all British troopships.

After the rather rough passage through the famous Bay of Biscay when mountainous waves broke over the decks we found this smooth sailing quite a pleasant relief. Our boat, the S.S. "China", one of the fastest vessels owned by the P. & O. Company, nosed her way gracefully through the blue of the Mediterranean leaving in her wake a widening ribbon of white foam over which flew a flock of sea-gulls. The sun was hot, but we wore our topees and the faint salt breeze cooled our cheeks.

Suddenly there came a cry - "Land in sight!" Hastily we abandoned everything and hurried to the ship's rails. It was land alright, but very vague, like an inky smudge against the horizon. Port Said! How excited we were!

Of course we had sighted land before during the voyage out from England - the coast of Spain, Morocco, Gibraltar, but this was different. Those countries we had seen only from a distance, and Gibraltar at night, when we stopped for a few hours to send out and pick up mail. At Port Said we were scheduled to take on coal; we would have a close-up view of both Egypt and Arabia -- would see the Suez Canal, that wonderful waterway dug through the heart of the tropical desert. No wonder we felt excited.

As is customary we held the usual Divine Service on board. There is something rather impressive about a service at sea, particularly on such a beautiful morning as this.

Around noon our engines stopped, and looking across the water we saw coming towards us a pilot boat flying the Union Jack. It drew alongside and there came on board several customs men wearing the Egyptian fez. After the ships papers had been inspected we continued our journey.

By this time Port Said was quite plainly seen. One couldn't help noting the swarm of shipping lying at anchor in the harbour - ships of all nations.

When an army transport goes through, the men on board are charged about \$3 a head and this, naturally, adds enormously to the Company's receipts. War! Do the shareholders view the possibility of war with alarm? On the contrary. War, which knocks so many other stocks flat, sends those of the Suez Canal sky-high. The traffic and earnings of this company have far exceeded the hope of even De Lessops, that courageous Frenchman who first conceived the idea, and whose statue stands at the entrance of the great ditch which has so changed the shipping routes of the world.

Soon we were docked and the business of taking on coal began. And what a business! No wonder we had orders to keep the portholes closed. There was dust everywhere. When I was there - sixteen years ago - it was all done by hand labour. Doubtless the system has since been improved, but at this time a seemingly endless procession of dirty, half-naked Arabs filed up the gangway, carrying on their backs sacks or baskets of coal. This they deposited in the chutes provided for that purpose, returning to the docks for more.

And what a din they made! They argued, pushed, gesticulated and shouted in a most unintelligible jargon. Two of them started a regular "set-to". Instantly the troops became animated and cheered lusty encouragement to both contestants. Presently one hit the other on the nose. Blood flowed, looking rather odd - red against black.

The excitement did not last long however. Two stalwart dock police arrived on the scene and, after a struggle, succeeded in separating the warriors and the bout came to an end - much to our chagrin. The verdict was a draw, so those of us who had wagered bets on the issue got our money back.

We had been hoping to go ashore but for some reason or other this privilege was denied us, except for the officers. We quite envied them, particularly the "old sweats" whose eyes dwelt longingly on a sign, not far distant, advertising a brand of Egyptian beer.

Unfortunately it was impossible, due to the many sheds, warehouses and other buildings on the docks, to get a very good view of the city itself. Little streets could be discerned beyond. We were considerably amused at the quaint Oriental cafes with their Arabic signs and the strangely dressed natives passing up and down. Probably the knowledge that Port Said has long been reputed to be the wickedest and most dissipated city on the shipping route from England to the Far East accounted for our curiosity.

There were other diversions. The naked little Arab boys, for instance, who would dive into the water after pennies thrown from the ship. What clever divers they were! I never saw one of them fail to retrieve a coin.

Small boats laden with fruit, sweet-meats, souvenirs and picture post-cards, rowed by swarthy gentlemen in flowing Oriental robes drew alongside the steamer, where their owners vociferously offered their wares for sale. To make a purchase, a small basket containing the necessary money was lowered over the side of the ship. The vendor removed the money, substituted the goods, and the basket was hauled up again.

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We pulled out from Port Said the same evening. Coaling was over, decks washed, and we were on our way through the Suez Canal. By the time darkness came, we were in the heart of the Arabian Desert. To our mast-head was fixed a powerful searchlight, fed by a dynamo on deck, with another at our prow, making our passage brighter.

The air was clear and the scenes were strange and weird, but very beautiful. The tropic stars, brighter than any I had ever seen in England, made the velvet canopy of the heavens resplendent, while a great round moon, low hung, seemed to change the famous canal into a stream of molten silver.

This was Egypt, the land of Pharaohs and ancient lore. Maybe we thought of the seductive Cleopatra making love to Antony in the shadow of the Pyramids; closed our eyes and re-enacted scenes from the Arabian Nights - in our imagination breathed the fragrant perfumes of the Orient. We could look over the silent wilderness and occasionally discern, silhouetted against the sky-line, a caravan of long-legged camels with their wraith-like riders bobbing up and down under the moon.

During the night the Suez-Port Said train passed us. It was a grand sight, with its illuminated windows and red sparks flying from its engines as it careered along the gleaming metals. Man's ingenuity! What would one of the Pharaohs, now lying peacefully in his sarcophagus, have to say if he could only be brought to life again? Great ships in the middle of a desert, fiery serpents speeding along miles of sandy waste that once were impressed only by the feet of man and beast.

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The trip through the canal is very slow, ships being allowed to proceed only at a speed of about six miles per hour. Now and again we had to tie-up to posts set along the sides of the canal. The canal rules require that when two ships meet, one must stop and hug the bank until the other has passed by.

Parts of the bank are walled with stone to prevent sand

from falling in, but despite this precaution dredges have to be kept working all the year round. Not far from Port Said, great steam pumps are continually sucking sand from the bottom of the canal and carrying it through pipes far out over the desert.

Guard houses are built at intervals along the waterway and towns have sprung up where roads or railways cross the canal. Apart from these places, we saw practically no signs of life. Sometimes a lonely camel caravan trots across the desert; now and again a flock of long-legged cranes, startled at the approach of the steamer springs from the water into the air. That is all.

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Dawn found us nearing Suez, a fairly large seaport with several thousand Europeans. It is connected by train with Port Said and Cairo. As the sun grew brighter, away across the hot desert there looms up out of the sand a strange ship on other waters, apparently as real as the one in which we are travelling. But we discover later that it is only a mirage, - a mirage of the desert, which so often deceives the thirsty traveller passing through. As we approach it fades and disappears like a veritable castle of the air.

The Suez Canal! It was with almost a sigh of regret that we left it behind and nosed our way into the Red Sea.

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REMEMBRANCE DAY *****

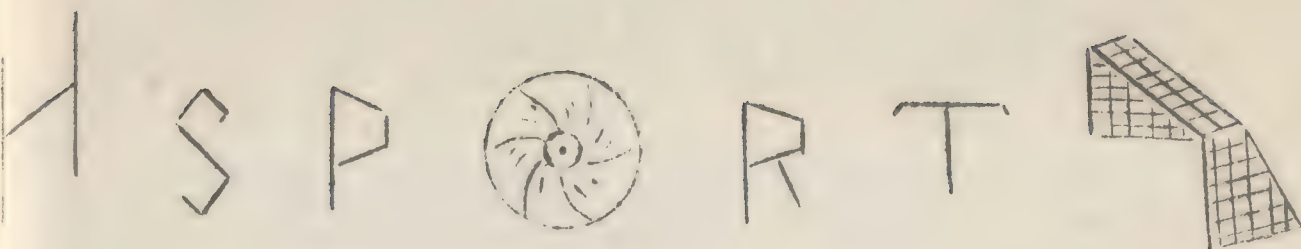
(Continued from page 43)

By ten-forty-five all troops were in their allotted places, including the Royal Canadian Navy, 5th Heavy Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, 5th (B.C.) Coast Bde. R.C.A.(N.P.), No. 11 Det. R.C.E., "B" Coy. P.P.C.L.I., the Canadian Scottish Regt., and composite detachments of 11th Bn. C.M.G.C., R.C.A.S.C., R.C.O.C., and R.C.A.M.C.

At eleven o'clock the customary two minutes silence in memory of those who did not come back was observed, the signal being the firing of a gun by 5th (B.C.) Coast Bde. R.C.A.(N.P.). Last Post and Reveille were sounded by a bugler from "B" Coy. P.P.C.L.I. The laying of wreaths by Civil and Service representatives was followed by a short address and the singing of a hymn. The band of the Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L., provided music throughout the service.

Following the service, all troops marched-past Lieut.-Gen. Sir Percy Lake, who took the salute in the enforced absence of the Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia.

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ESQUIMALT STATION P.P.C.L.I. NOVICE BOXING TOURNAMENT.

The tournament was a two day affair, the preliminaries taking place on Thursday, 28th Nov., and the finals on Friday, 29th. Nov. in the Fives Court at Work Point Barracks.

On Thursday the spectators started arriving early, and by starting time at 8.00 p.m. there were 150 people present, while by 8.30 p.m. there were approximately 250 present, including a fair sprinkling of ladies and some children.

S.M.I. Bain opened the proceedings by giving a short concise explanation of the Imperial Services Boxing Association Rules. He was followed in the ring by the announcer, C.S.M. Mitchell, the contestants for the first bout, and the seconds, who were Sgt. Waterman, Pte. Bradshaw, L/Cpl. Hall, L/Cpl. Shaw.

The judges were S.M.I. Bain and Sgt. Pink.

All bouts consisted of three rounds of two minutes each, with an interval of one minute between rounds.

Here is a description of the fights, mostly round by round.

Bout 1. Junior welterweight. Pte. King, 138 and Pte. Hoffman, 141.

Round 1. Both gave most of their blows to the head, no telling blows to the body. Hoffman lost several opportunities to administer punishment. Hoffman's round. Round 2. Hoffman leads with a left to the head. A short dose of slug-ging and King trips, but gets away neatly by ducking, landing a strong right to Hoffman's jaw. Some sparring. Hoffman lands a good left to the body. King comes back with a strong right to the stomach. Hoffman continually missing opportunities. Looks like a draw. Round 3. King runs out of his corner, but is soon driven half way round the ring. Toward the end of the round King tiring quickly and Hoffman still being kind. Hoffman's round.

Hoffman wins.

Bout 2. Junior welterweight between Pte. Candy, 138 and Pte. Scott, 140. Candy added a pro. touch with a marvellous dressing gown with Japanese suns and spidery things all over it. Scott won't be outdone, and does a little pro. hopping and rope pulling in his corner.

Round 1. Commences with a slugging match, followed by a cautious circling and sparring twice around the ring. Scott produces a broad grin which apparently disarms Candy, who receives a strong left and right to the head. Scott's round.

Round 2. Candy starts strong, and piles up points which gives him a slight lead at the end of the round. However, Scott gave some telling blows, including a right uppercut.

Round 3. Candy leads with a long left and sharp exchange follows. Some sparring. Candy leads again, but Scott ducks and comes back strong, driving Candy to the ropes, and landing a strong right to the stomach. Candy puts up a game defence, but is the recipient of several lefts and rights to the head as well as to the jaw and stomach. Scott's round.

Scott wins.

Bout 3. Welterweight. Pte. Shone, 147, and Pte. Wilkinson, 146.

Round 1. Shone starts the battle with a fierce-looking crouch and a strong left and right to the head. Wilkinson comes back weakly. Shone retaliates with more heavy lefts and rights to the head and body, turning Wilkinson round, but he takes it gamely. Wilkinson appears uncertain on his feet. Shone's round.

Round 2. Almost a repetition of round 1. Wilkinson driven to the ropes twice. When he hit, most of his blows were short or landed lightly. Shone off-guard, and Wilkinson has a chance to land a good right, but telegraphs it, and Shone steps back easily. Shone's round.

Round 3. Some sparring, and Wilkinson misses a right swing. Shone quickly steps in and administers a damaging left and right to the body. Some sparring and Wilkinson driven to the ropes. Back to the centre of the ring. Shone cautious, and Wilkinson misses a right uppercut. Shone decides to go again and lands two successive heavy lefts to Wilkinson's nose. Wilkinson getting groggy, but showing plenty of spirit. Shone's round.

Shone wins.

Bout 4. Welterweight. Pte. Douglass, 144, and Pte. S.J. Pocock, 143.

Round 1. Some sparring, and Pocock delivers a weak left to the body. No telling blows struck in this round. Most notable feature is Douglass's staccato stamping. Pocock's round.

Round 2. Starts more briskly but with weak blows. Both hitting heavier now and Pocock drives Douglass to the

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PH.D. THESIS

BY

JOHN H. COOPER

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

1954

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ropes and lands a fair left to the stomach before the scurry ends. Pocock once more drives his man to the ropes on two sides of the ring. Again Pocock drives his opponent to the ropes. Douglass ducks. Pocock misses a splendid chance for a right uppercut by backing up instead. Pocock's round.

Round 3. Pocock leads with a weak left to the stomach. Douglass retaliates with a heavy left to the jaw. Sharp exchange, mostly weak blows. Douglass lands on Pocock's jaw, and Pocock retaliates in kind. Douglass lands a heavy left on Pocock's nose and draws blood. Douglass's round.

Pocock wins.

Bout 5. Middleweight "A". Pte. Bion, 159, and Pte Hipwood, 155.

Round 1. Starts with a weak exchange. Bion lands a beauty on Hipwood's forehead. Hipwood seems quite happy, and catches Bion unawares, turning him round with a good left and right to body and head. Bion keeps on going round and gives his opponent a heavy left to the jaw, putting Hipwood out on his feet, but he is saved by the bell. Bion's round. Round 2. Both start with cautious sparring. A sharp exchange of lefts and rights but no harm done. Bion lands a sly right on Hipwood's jaw. This round looks like a draw. Round 3. Hipwood leads a left which goes short. Bion lands a beauty on Hipwood's nose. Some sparring, Bion obviously looking for a chance to land. Does so with a heavy left to the side of the head. Some sparring. Bion shoots a left, but it falls short. Bion's round.

Bion wins.

Bout 6. Middleweight "B". Pte. Jentzen, 151, and Pte. Hutson, 150.

Round 1. Jentzen feints and leads with his left but it falls short. Some sparring and a few light blows exchanged, mostly short. Most of the round like this. Hutson lands a good left to the head just as the bell goes. A slight edge for Jentzen in this round. Round 2. Starts with a strong exchange and Hutson lands two strong right swings, driving Jentzen to the ropes. Jentzen takes it well and gets away fighting. A toe to toe exchange as the bell goes. Hutson's round. Round 3. Jentzen makes a short feint with his right and gets his opponent with two good lefts to the head. Hutson angles with his right and lands it on the head, quickly followed with a left to the neck. Jentzen shoots three lefts, but all short. Some sparring. Hutson lands a right and left to the head, shortly followed by another right to the head. Some toe to toe sparring. Round finishes with weak exchange. Hutson's round.

Hutson wins.

Bout 7. Middleweight "A". Pte. T.M.Kellington, 158, and Pte. Ellington, 155.

Round 1. Kellington shoots a left to the head. This commences a long exchange of heavy blows during which Ellington drives Kellington all the way round the ring. After a short pause, this procedure is repeated, but Kellington takes it very well and seems quite collected. Ellington's round by a shade. Round 2. Kellington leads several lefts and rights to the head and body. Ellington comes back with a left and right swing. Another strong exchange, in which Kellington draws blood from his opponent with a straight left to the nose. After several strong exchanges and boring into each other, the round appears to end in Kellington's favour. Round 3. Ellington leads with his right. A strong exchange, both taking punishment from strong lefts and rights to body. Eleven blows were struck during this rally. Ellington lands a right to his opponent's head but Kellington comes back quickly with a left and right to the nose and mouth; drawing more claret. Looks like Ellington's round and a drawn fight.

Referee's decision, Kellington wins.

Bout 8. Middleweight "B". Pte. Newberry, 151, and Pte Lamport, 148,

Round 1. Both lead with a left to the head. This starts a sharp exchange of heavy lefts and rights, mostly to the head, Lamport doing most of the leading. Lamport's round.

Round 2. In round 2 the spectators saw a repetition of round 1. Lamport drew blood from his opponent with a straight left, but Newberry helped by running into it. Lamport's round.

Round 3. Opened by Lamport delivering a strong right swing, but Newberry took it well, and gave as good as he got and a little better. Newberry landed a number of strong lefts to the jaw and head in this round. Newberry's round.

Lamport wins.

Bout 9. Light Heavyweight. Pte. Terlesky, 176, and Pte. J.L. Rennie, 174.

All three rounds were strongly in Rennie's favour. Terlesky began to lose blood from a right to the nose early in the first round and kept it up in the other round. The only telling blows landed by Terlesky were in the third round when he made Rennie gasp on two occasions with heavy right to the stomach. Terlesky took plenty of punishment and was the best loser of the evening.

Rennie wins.

Bout 10. Light Heavyweight. Pte. Melville, 177 and Pte. Hatch, 178.

Round 1. Was mostly an oldfashioned stand up fight, with Melville doing most of the leading, but none of his blows were strong when they landed, and some fell short. Hatch appeared to be waiting his time and got in a heavy one here and there. These were distributed evenly between head and body, and noticeably to the discomfort of Melville. Hatch's round. Round 2. Hatch shoots a left to the head. Some sparring. Hatch chases Melville to the ropes, landing some damaging lefts and rights to the body. Melville got away fighting. Melville chases Hatch round the ring but nothing heavy landed. Hatch's round. Round 3. Commences with a simultaneous left lead to the head. A short, quick exchange in which Hatch lands a jarring uppercut but Melville comes through after shaking his head a couple of times. Some sparring and Hatch administers a left and right to the head. Melville retaliates in kind. Hatch lands on Melville's stomach and Melville retaliates. Hatch puts on a fierce expression and places a heavy right on Melville's head, making the latter groggy, but he is saved by the bell. Hatch's round. Melville is a game loser.

Hatch wins.

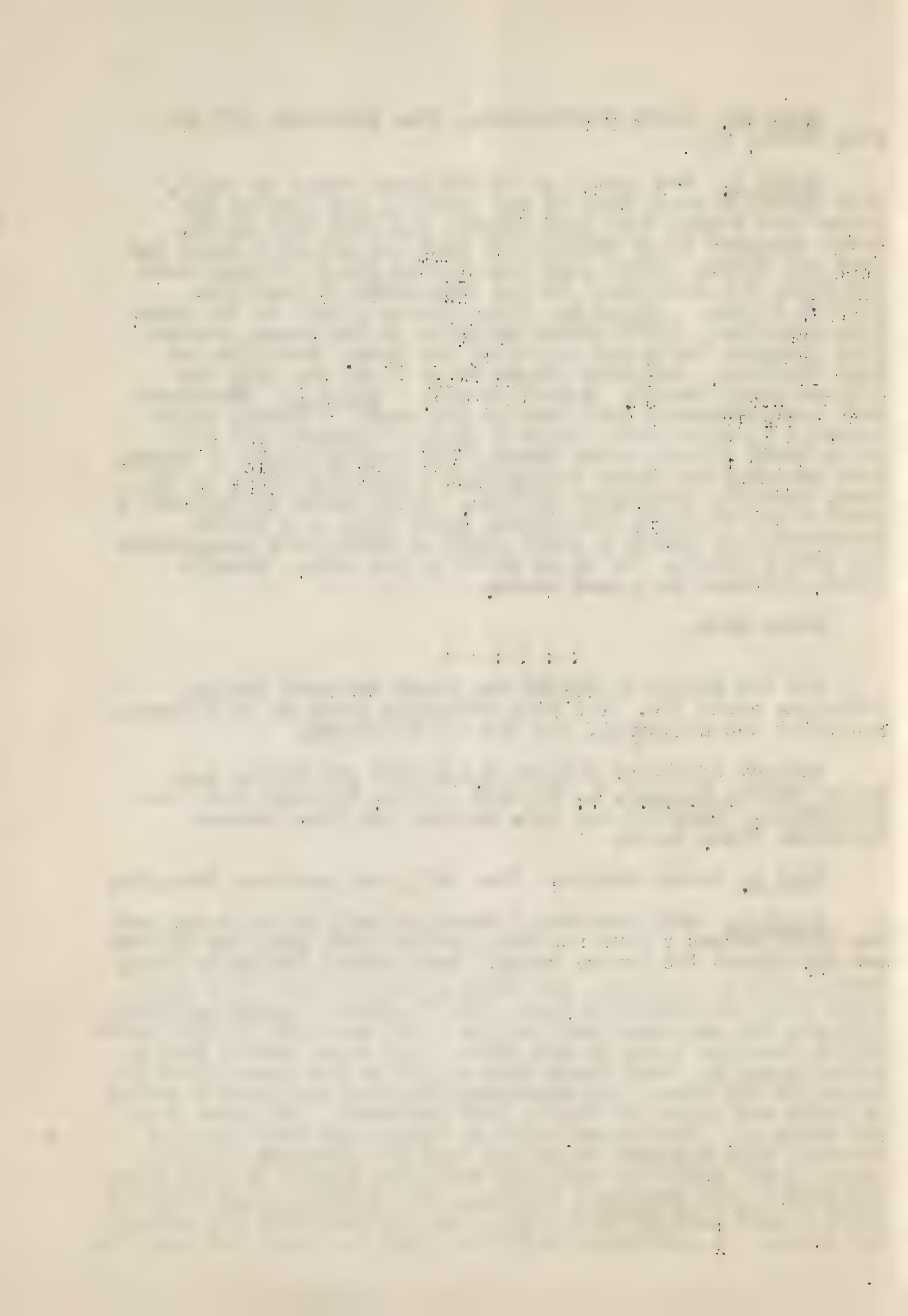
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For the Finals on Friday the crowd was even larger, numbering about 300. The same officials acted as on Thursday, including the following, not already mentioned.

Medical officers; Colonel J.L.Potter and Lieut. G.L. Morgan Smith, R.C.A.M.C.. Runners; L/Cpl. Polinsky and Pte. Montgomery. Whippers-in; Cpl. Linsley and Pte. Lister. Recorder; Capt. Walls.

Bout 1. Bantam weight. Pte. Ball, 118, and Pte. Watt, 119.

Round 1. Ball led with a straight left to the face, and the fight became a give and take battle, with Ball the aggressor for almost the entire round. Ball seemed unable to guard Watt's left to the face, and after a few of these Watt drew blood from his opponent's nose. Ball's round. Round 2. Again Ball was the aggressor most of the time, standing up well under Watt's damaging lefts to his nose. This round looked like a draw. Round 3. Ball leads with a left to the face. Watt is driven to the ropes, but continues fighting and lands a series of lefts and rights on Ball's head and nose. Watt gets away and bores in. Ball shows signs of tiring and Watt piles up points. Half a minute to go and they are having a slugging match in the centre of the ring with Watt piling up more points and Ball's nose getting a beating. Six seconds to go and Ball lands a hard left on Watt's jaw, shaking him badly and making him groggy. A good opportunity for Ball to finish his man, but



he lets it go. This costs him the fight. Watt's round.

Watt wins.

Bout 2. Feather-weight. Pte. Wilson 127 & Pte. Rawlings 128.

Round 1. Opens with short blows by both and a few light ones, Wilson doing most of the leading. Just as the bell goes, Wilson lands the only good blow in the round, a left to Rawlings' stomach. Rawlings would have had a count but for the bell. Wilson held him up while his seconds came for him.

Round 2. Wilson leads, obviously trying for another one to the solar plexus, and drives Rawlings to the ropes. Some sparring in the centre of the ring, Wilson still looking for an opening for a body blow, until the bell. Wilson's round. Round 3. Rawlings leads and Wilson still looking in vain for a chance to drive to the stomach. A little swifter, this round, and both are hitting harder, - nothing remarkable. Both fresh when bell goes. Wilson's round.

Wilson wins.

Bout 3. Lightweight. Pte. Green 134 & Pte. Mainprize 133.

Round 1. Mainprize leads with a left to the head. Green retaliates. Both are hard hitters, Mainprize doing most of the attacking. Mainprize lands several rights to Green's head and one to the stomach when breaking. Both going strong at end of round. Mainprize did some good ducking, eluding Green's rights. Mainprize's round. Round 2. Mainprize leads with a left to the face, and Green comes back with a heavy right to the head which staggers his opponent. Green throws a left but Mainprize ducks and Green misses a good chance to deliver an uppercut. More exchanges with Mainprize doing plenty of ducking and Green plenty of missing. Green seems determined not to follow up his opportunities. Mainprize's round. Round 3. Mainprize is the first to attack again. Green boring in now and Mainprize still ducking. Apparently Green's seconds advised him to uppurcut as he is now starting to try it. A short, quick exchange and Green floors Mainprize for a moment with an uppercut. Mainprize a bit groggy and Green being kind. There goes the bell. Green's round. He is much fresher than Mainprize.

Mainprize wins.

Bout 4. Junior Welter-weight. Pte. Hoffman 141 and Pte. Scott 140.

Round 1. Some sparring. Hoffman leads with a left to the head. Scott adopts an American stance and leads most of the round, pounding his oponent with heavy lefts and rights to the head, jarring him badly. Scott's round. Round 2. Scott bores in, apparently intent on finishing the fight quickly. Hoffman

cannot stand the barrage and backs up all over the ring, taking his punishment gamely. Scott drives Hoffman to the ropes and lands a quick succession of lefts and rights to face. Separated by Referee. Hoffman gets to middle of ring but is out on his feet with twenty-two seconds to go. Fight stopped.

Scott wins with a technical K.O.

Bout 5 was a three-minute blind-fold pillow fight between Ptes. Edwards, King, Jantzen and Sugden. This was well done and provided plenty of amusement for the spectators, many of whom became so excited they could not keep their seats. Jantzen won this scrap.

Bout 6. Welter-weight. Pte. Shone 147 and Pte. S.J. Pocock, 143.

Round 1. Shone leads with strong right to head. Pocock retaliates with left to body. Sparring, both cautious, and landing heavy lefts and rights now and again, Shone doing most of the leading. Shone shoots a left to face and follows with right to body. Pocock backs up to the ropes with Shone boring in as the bell goes. Shone's round. Round 2. This round was a succession of rushes by both fighters. Many heavy punches were exchanged and the entire round was filled with fast and violent action. A fairly even round slightly in Shone's favour. Round 3. Shone leads again. He slips, but gets away. Pocock comes in furiously and drives Shone back with heavy blows to head and body. Shone escapes and immediately retaliates. Two more heavy encounters. Even, so far; this may be anybody's fight. Shone leads with left to head and right to body. Pocock retaliates with a fast left and right to head. There goes the bell. Looks like Pocock's round and a draw. Can hardly wait for Referee's decision. Here it comes: another round! What a fight! Round 4. Shone comes in strong but Pocock stands up to his attack and gives as good as he receives. Shone misses with his left as Pocock ducks. Some sparring; they are tiring. Shone leads a left to the head and Pocock pays back with a weak blow to the body. More exchanges and some sparring as the bell goes. Looks a bit in favour of Shone.

Shone wins. The best fight this evening so far.

Bout 7. Middle-weight "A". Pte. Bion 159 and Pte. Kellington, T.M. 155.

Round 1. Some heavy exchanges, both fighters getting in some telling blows. Kellington's round. Round 2. Bion shoots a left - right to the head and steps back. He repeats this twice before Kellington lands a heavy left to the body, and then another. Exchange of lefts to the jaw. Another exchange, Bion getting the better of it with a left and right to body and head. He tries an overswing but misses. Kellington attacks

twice with little result. Exchange of lefts to head as bell goes. This round a shade in Bion's favour. Round 3. Bion leads with right to head and a left-right-left which falls short as Kellington steps back. Bion lands several strong lefts and rights and drives Kellington to ropes. Bion over-swinging again and doing most of the leading. Again drives Kellington to the ropes. Kellington fights hard and drives Bion back, landing several heavy lefts and rights to head and body, slowing Bion up. Bion's round.

Bion wins.

Bout 8. Middle-weight "B". Pte. Hutson 150 and Pte. Lamport 148.

Hutson won every round of this bout. Lamport started an attack with left and right hooks but none of them were strong. Hutson came back at him but landed nothing heavy except the last blow of the first round, when he knocked his opponent down. Lamport was up at once, badly shaken, but was saved by the bell. The second round was a little more vigorous, and a couple of sharp exchanges were made, in one of which Hutson drove Lamport to the ropes. He sidestepped clear however just before the bell. The third round was not very inspiring. Both men were tired, Lamport again being driven to the ropes.

Hutson wins.

Bout 9. Light-heavy-weight. Pte. Rennie 174 and Pte. Hatch 178.

Round 1. Rennie leads with left and right which are returned by Hatch. Some quick exchanges, both taking several heavy blows. Hatch comes in fast and lands a strong left-right to the head, quickly following up and driving his opponent to his hands on the floor. Rennie comes back for a strong exchange which looked even. Hatch's round. Round 2. Rennie bores in with strong blows to head and drives Hatch back. Still leading Rennie draws blood from Hatch's lip. Hatch signals a haymaker coming but changes his mind and leads a weak left. Sparring; Hatch lands a heavy left to Rennie's right eye which starts to swell. A sharp exchange, about even. Another left on Rennie's eye draws blood. Both going strong as bell rings. Rennie's round by a slight margin. Round 3. Rennie drives in with hard head and stomach blows. Hatch commences to lead but is stopped with two lefts on the jaw. Rennie drives Hatch round the ring. Both men sparring as the bell goes. Rennie's round.

Rennie wins. This was a wonderful fight, as good as tonight's sixth bout. A different story might have been told if Hatch had not had the misfortune to injure his right thumb badly in the first round.

Bout 10 was a special match between Pte. F.G. Pocock 180, and Pte. N. Stephen 160. The latter was the winner. Pocock won the first round. He started the second round well but soon let a spirit of fun get the better of him, which cost him the fight. Otherwise he had an even chance to win as both men were good fighters and always ready to mix. They both took plenty of punishment during the bout.

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RUGBY NOTES.

A number of new faces made their appearance in the two Garrison Teams this season. The seniors made a bad start, losing their first two games. Since then, however, they have rapidly improved and, despite a large number of injuries, succeeded in winning two and drawing one of their next three engagements. At present they are making a strong bid for the City championship.

The second team started the season with a bang. Owing, however, to injuries and the necessity for drawing on this team to replace gaps in the senior ranks, they lost their series with the Navy.

More time has been given to practice this year than formerly, and this is fully justified by results.

Six members of the team, namely: Cpls. Featherstone and Martin, L/Cpl. Loveless and Pte. Shone, P.P.C.L.I., L/Cpl. Rowton, R.C.A.S.C., and Cnr. Buxton, R.C.A., have been named as candidates for the Victoria "Representative" Team, and it remains to be seen how many of them will secure a place. The "Rep." team is to meet the New Zealand "All Blacks" some time in the near future.

The following members of the Unit have played on the two Garrison teams this year:-

"A" Team.

Sgt. Quinn, Cpls. Featherstone and Martin, L/Cpls. Loveless and Cook, Ptes. Hatch, Patterson, Shone, Snow, Teskey and Watson.

"B" Team.

Ptes. Clarke, N.H., Clark, W.T., Green, Horne, Hipwood, King, Mainprize, Melville, Montgomery, McGee, Neil, Pocock, F.G., Pocock, S.J., Byatt and Scott.

A word must be said about the energy, perseverance and good humour of Coach Sgt. Quinn, to whom, with L/Cpl. Rowton, R.C.A.S.C., must go the lion's share of the credit for any successes obtained by the teams during this season.

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SOCCER.

The inter-unit league is at present in full swing, the standing of the teams to date being as follows:-

<u>Team</u>	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>Drawn</u>	<u>Goals</u>		<u>Points.</u>
					<u>For</u>	<u>Against</u>	
Composites	6	4	1	1	20	6	9
P.P.C.L.I. "A"	6	4	2	0	16	11	8
R.C.A.	6	3	2	1	12	12	7
P.P.C.L.I. "B"	6	0	6	0	5	24	0

Special credit for the success of the first team must go to L/Cpl. Cook, Ptes. Edwards and Pocock, F.G. The present league will be finished early in January, and it is intended to play an inter-platoon in February and March.

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SPORTS AT WINNIPEG.

P.T. AND GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

Sixty picked men of the Regiment took part in this display, which was staged on the Parade Square on the 18th September. The physical training left nothing to be desired; positions were good and the training almost perfect.

The remarkable feature of the gymnastic work is the fact that men in such numbers can reach such a peak of proficiency. Three vaulting horses were used, with the six-foot horse in the centre. Half an hour of work on the apparatus left the audience weak from excitement. It is not an idle boast to say that the P.P.C.L.I. horse team is the equal of any that has trained and performed in Canada. This is the direct result of the interest and enthusiasm taken in this work by the Commanding Officer combined with the excellent training given the men by Q.M.S.I. J.T. Harper.

A motion picture was taken of the display and it is hoped that it may be sent to the Coast for showing to "B" Company in the near future.

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At Camp Shilo this year we played Soccer against the U.E.R. Project personnel and won on the two occasions we played. In Winnipeg, it is regretted that our Soccer team has not many new faces. Where we will find men to replace Langlier, Sgt. Swaner, L/Cpls. Webb, Toner and McIlvenny is the constant worry of our Sports Officer.

The Regimental Team again won the District Soccer Championship (McBryde Trophy) from the R.C.M.P. At half time the score was 3 - 1 in favour the "Mounties" the Patricia's managed to score four goals in the last twenty minutes to win 5 - 3. Lieut. Cotton and Pte. Usher each got two goals and L/Cpl. Webb scored on a penalty kick.

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The Regiment won back the Garrison Softball Trophy from the Composites who were allowed to have it, temporarily, for 1934. Pte. Klywehuk pitched a fine game.

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The golf bug has affected our Sergeants' Mess with Drastic results. People talk to themselves and mutter under their breath even at work. Sgt. Clifford won the Tournament (that is, he was ahead when darkness fell).

The Garrison Officers' Tournament was played at St. Charles in a 20 m.p.h. North wind. It again was won by the Commanding Officer with Lieut. Cotton in second place and Brigadier Gordon third. With Captain Hunt it was not a question of "how few strokes?" but rather "how fast can I get around the course and inside the Clubhouse without causing any suspicion?" Col. Niven had arranged a good lunch and, once thawed out, all managed to enjoy themselves greatly.

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THE STORY OF THE TWO BEARS. *****

Once upon a time there were two bears who lived in a wire cage near the City Park in a cold, cold place, called by the natives: "Winnipeg". One day, because their master was on relief and had only enough food for his own family, the bears were told that they would have to join their ancestors in the land of Many-Berries.

While their master was getting his gun, Buster and Betty (the two bears, you know), realising that discretion was the better part of valour, left via the "broken gate" route.

A great human cry ensued and a large policeman entered Fort Osborne Compound and enquired as to the whereabouts of the Mighty Marksman CHIEF HITTUM BULL.

Our head-hunter, Dear Readers, cannot find enough to shoot at home and journeys forth to strange lands where dwell an elusive animal called the "Pot". This sport goes by the name of "Pot-hunting". But Lady Luck was not kind to our Nimrod in his recent wanderings. Thus, when the large policeman, informed him that he could bear-hunt right in his native surroundings,

great was his Joy. He took his Guns (both of them), his Telescope, put on his Stalking Suit and went forth "to hunt that b'ar, By Gar". But alas! the bears must have smelled a rat, because for hours the Hunt was not successful.

Eventually, Betty, being very old and very hungry, was found sitting up and begging before a little boy for his lollipop.

Bang! Bang! And another Bruin bit the dust.

But where was Buster? The Hunt continued until our Marksman found himself in a small enclosed park. As he paused for breath, he heard a deep growl and there was his bear behind.

Too close....too close. Back 200 yards. Wind fresh from nine o'clock. Slight mirage....no....just a little early in the morning....two clicks right....left....right....he's up!....he's down!....(Shades of "A" Wing!)

Buster was not sure whether to laugh or cry but he decided, having heard of the ferocity of this Great Hunter, that he had better leave. Poor Buster! He has joined his sister, Betty, in the Happy Hunting Grounds and the place called "Winnipeg" is now free of Hungry Bears. The inhabitants of the community of Tuxedo are grateful to the Mighty Marksman CHIEF HITTUM BULL for his prompt action in delivering them from the ravages of Buster and Betty.

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AROUND THE GARRISON.

(Continued from page 59)

Several of the single Sergeants of the Garrison are going around with much more contented looks on their faces these days. One of the larger married quarters has been re-allotted as single sergeants' quarters and they report that it makes a very comfortable home. As yet, however, nothing has been heard of the looked-for "house-warming" party.

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Congratulations to the following on their recent promotion: L/Cpl. J. Tudor, R.C.E., promoted Corporal; Sappers A.O. Lee and J. Stewart, R.C.E., appointed L/Cpls.; Sgt. V. Madland, C.M.S.C., promoted Staff-Sergeant.

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A welcome to Work Point Barracks is extended Q.M.S. W. Casson, C.M.S.C., who arrived from Calgary on 15th September, and to Q.M.S. W.C. Jeanes, R.C.A.M.C., who joined us on first October, on transfer from the East.

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"T H E M A P L E S"

(Fulford Harbour)

Along the shore the maples stand
In all their stately pride:
A fitting emblem of the land
For which our bravest died.

The green leaves mark their man-
hood strong,
Their courage clean and sane,
Who fought and suffered well and
long
To save our name from stain.

The maples still upon the hill,
Re-tell their wondrous story;
The leaves of red bespeak the dead
The leaves of gold their glory.

- Hugh L. Maurice.

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NEWS OF Ex-PATRICIA'S

It is with great regret that we record the passing of Brigadier J.L.R. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O., who died at Saint John, N.B., on October 3rd, following a heart attack. Brigadier Parsons retired from the Permanent Active Militia, only a few months ago due to ill-health and his death will be mourned by a host of friends throughout the whole Dominion.

A native of Orangeville, Ont., Brigadier Parsons first connected with the Militia in 1898, when he joined the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. Later, he commanded the C.O.T.C. at Toronto Varsity, which post he held when the Great War broke out. He went overseas with the 28th Bn. C.E.F., and in 1915 joined the staff of the 2nd Canadian Division. Rapid advancement in staff appointments followed, and at the end of the war he was the Senior Staff Officer, Canadian Section of the 1st Echelon G.H.Q., France.

In 1919, Brigadier Parsons returned to Canada and was posted to Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry with the rank of Brevet Colonel. After holding staff appointments in several districts, including that of G.S.O., M.D. XI, from 1929 to 1931, he became District Officer Commanding, M.D. VII, at Saint John, N.B., in May 1931, which position he occupied until his recent forced retirement.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to all his family in their bereavement.

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Captain Carew Martin has been appointed Crown Prosecutor at the Victoria Criminal Assizes, being held here this month. It is a tribute to his legal ability to be selected for this work and we offer our congratulations. Next to scoring heavily ourselves, nothing cheers us up quite so much as hearing of the successes of our old comrades.

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V A N C O U V E R L E T T E R

"Why not relieve that sentry, Sergeant-Major? Looks as if he is going to flop."

"It can't be done."

"Why not?"

"His Unit has great traditions. Let him flop."

That the sentry did not "flop" but, characteristic of the R.C.M.P., stuck it out, was a great relief to the latter speaker; equal, possibly, to the relief those benumbed sentries must have felt at being dismounted from the Cenotaph that raw, drizzling Remembrance Day.

Henceforth, it is understood, the first relief, composed of representatives from the R.C.N.V.R., one Militia Unit, the R.C.A.F. and the R.C.M.P., will be dismounted during a brief interlude midway in the service and their places taken by a second relief.

Detachments from fifteen Units attended the Service in Victory Square. Citizens turned out in large numbers.

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One hundred and six candidates enrolled in the Combined Provisional School on the opening night. A few have since "moulted out", but the attendance has been uniformly good throughout.

Some initial difficulty was experienced in getting accommodation, but adjustments were quickly effected and all has gone well.

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Speaking of accommodation, always a topic hereabouts, the new drill hall of the Seaforths is now roofed. Ere long, this hall will be a welcome factor in reducing the congestion.

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The British Columbia Regiment (D.C.O.R.) has been conducting a Regimental Provisional School at which about two dozen candidates attended. This is the first regimental school of that kind to be run in Vancouver.

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The Ross Cup sand table scheme, Tactical Efficiency of Officers, will be held the week-end of December 7th-8th. This will conclude all competitions for the Canadian Infantry Association Efficiency of Personnel Competitions for this training year. The results are being keenly looked forward to.

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Congratulations to Q.M.S.I. Ed. Parsonage, M.M., R.C.C.S., on his promotion to W.O.I. Ed is a frequent visitor to Brigade H.Q. and at times gives us the odd shiver in reciting some of his adventures in the Arctic.

Q.M.S.I. ("Bill") Pauline, R.C.C.S. is over on a Signalling School, as is A/Sgt. Instructor J.S. Falconer, P.P.C.L.I.

Q.M.S.I. W.H. ("Smoky") Wood, P.P.C.L.I., was over on a brief visit earlier in the month. Smoky no longer forms columns on the left; he checks 'em up at the bottom - of the musketry returns.

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Sergeant Small, No. 4 (F.B.) Squadron, R.C.A.F., stationed at Jericho Beach, is progressing as favourably as can be expected after his somewhat unusual accident a few days ago. It will be recalled that when at the controls of his plane, flying over the water off Point Grey, a wild duck, evidently embarrassed at the presence of the greater "bird", flew into his face, stunning him in such a manner as to crash the plane. Fortunately, a fisherman chanced to be near and rescued the two struggling airmen.

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By the time you are thumbing these leaves, readers, it occurs that the time will be almost appropriate to wish all of you
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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WISE AND OTHERWISE *****

Oral Ordeal: There is, of course, no test for sobriety in the Militia. (Did I hear someone say "Thank Goodness!"). Just imagine the results if the following test were applied to every person issuing from the Canteen at 2130 hours? The N.Y. Times claims, with justice, that anyone who can recite the following without difficulty is in full possession of his normal vocal powers.

Are our oars here?

Many a wit is not a whit wittier than Whittier.

The menu is not less important than the men you will meet.

His suit showed spots of suet and soot.

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Many jobhunters in a certain southern city wondered recently if this was a typographical error: "Wanted. Part tame stenographer."

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Congratulations to G.M.S.I. Ed. Tarnowski, M.M., R.C.G.S., on his promotion to W.O.I. Ed is a frequent visitor to Bridge E.C. and at times gives us the odd shiver in feeling some of his adventures in the Arctic.

G.M.S.I. ("Bill") Pauline, R.C.G.S., is over on a Signalling School, as is A/Sgt. Instructor J.A. Falconer, R.C.G.I.I.

G.M.S.I. W.H. ("Smoky") Wood, R.N.C.I.I., was over on a brief visit earlier in the month. Smoky no longer forms columns on the left; he checks 'em up at the bottom - of the manuscript returned.

Sergeant Small, No. 4 (R.E.) Squadron, R.C.A.V., stationed at Jarvis Beach, is progressing as favourably as can be expected after his somewhat unusual accident a few days ago. It will be recalled that when at the controls of his plane, flying over the water off Point Grey, a wild duck, evidently embarrassed at the presence of the greater "bird", flew into his face, stunning him in such a manner as to crash the plane. Fortunately, a fisherman happened to be near and rescued the two struggling aviators.

By the time you are thumbing these leaves, readers, it occurs that this time will be almost appropriate to wish all of you A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WISDOM AND OTHERWISE

Oral Order: There is, of course, no test for sobriety in the militia. (Did I hear someone say "Thank Goodness"?). Just imagine the results if the following test were applied to every person leaving from the Garrison at 2:30 hours? The W.V. Times claims, with justice, that anyone who can recite the following without difficulty is in full possession of his normal vocal powers.

Are our cars hairy?
Many a wife is not a whit wittier than Whittier.
The menu is not less important than the man you will meet.
His suit showed spots of sweat and soot.

Many jobsters in a certain southern city wondered recently if this was a typographical error: "Wanted. Part time stenographer."